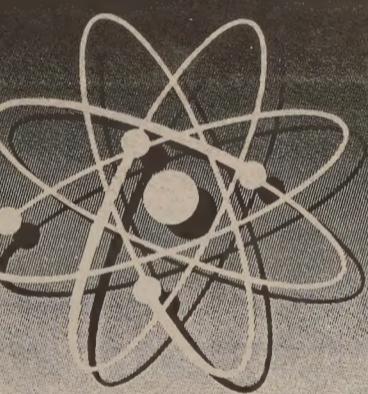


STUDENT REVIEW

BYU's UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • NOVEMBER 16, 1994

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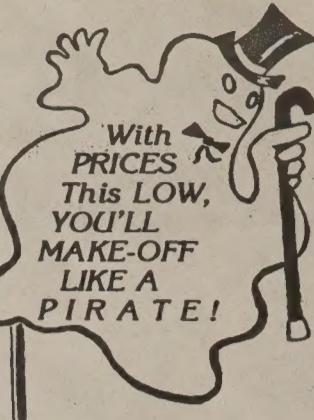


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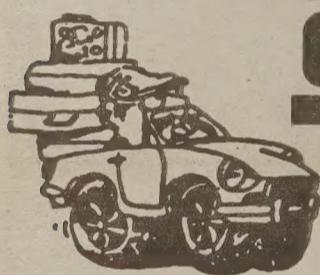
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STUDENT REVIEW

A TYPICAL PAPER

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EDITORS ANDREW CHRISTENSEN
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MANAGING EDITOR LISA M. CARMAN

DESIGN SCOTT WHITMORE

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Student Review is an independent student publication serving Utah Valley and its university communities. Because SR aspires to be an open forum, all submissions will be considered for publication.

Views expressed in Student Review are presumably those of the authors, and certainly do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVSC, SR, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Rex Lee, The Man with One Red Shoe, The Covey Manipulation Machine, Rain, Snow, Sleet or Hail, Apple Gatherers, Steve Miller—nor other jokers, smokers, or midnight tokers who get their lovin' on the run

It seems that it's my turn to babble about whatever comes to mind. The reason I write for the Review has a lot to do with a few certain clauses in the Constitution, the ones about freedom of the press and freedom of speech. I am a huge opponent to all censorship because I feel that, once you say you can't say something, it's only a matter of time before you can't say anything. In other words, there is no such thing as reasonable or limited censorship. It's all or nothing.

The Review is, really, the only option in this area for real freedom of the press. To be able to say what one feels and thinks about anything, without fear of retribution, is one hell of a freedom—one that has to be protected no matter what the cost.

Besides my own contributions to keeping the free press alive and exercising my guaranteed rights, I actually enjoy seeing my own work in print. Since I'm not that great of a writer and nobody else will even consider publishing me, the Review becomes a great place to manipulate minds and hearts in strange, unobtrusive ways. Since all press is biased, I at least have the opportunity to bias about 20,000 readers in my direction. That's always fun.

I love music. I have been obsessed with various genres of music for about eight years now. I collect, listen to, read about, write about, and talk about music. A lot. Not as much as I used to, but enough. Being the Noise Editor of this paper gives me the opportunity to tell the buying public what I think—whether something is good, bad, or just plain lame. Besides, being the music editor gets me a lot of perks that otherwise wouldn't be feasible, like promotional CDs that always seem to suck (that's why they send them to me), and tickets to bands that suck (that's why I have writers: to send them to the shows.)

I am grateful to all of the cool promoters and labels that help the Noise page exist: people like Terry Xanthos of Sonic Garden, Jill at RCA productions, Trey at UVSC, all of my writers (especially Tichelle, Preston and my assistant editor, John F. Nobbs), Andy the editor, and every good looking woman that has ever crossed my path. It's been fun, kiddies, but now it's time to go. I've got backstage at the Cranberries show, and I have to find a writer to take the tickets (yeah right)...

Sincerely,
Eric Beecroft
Resident Noise Idiot

Eric Beecroft

Staff of the Week

This week, *Student Review* would like to thank our new advertising director, William Carey. He did the impossible. He convinced people with money to give it to us. Also, he has—like the Christian he is—lifted a burden off our publisher's back. William has even promised to get SR out of debt by the end of Winter Semester. Well William, we salute you: plaudits...hip, hip, hooray...three cheers for the new guy, and all that. You deserve it, even if you are suffering from delusions of grandeur. We can't fault a guy for trying.

DEAD MEN DON'T WEAR PLAID: THE BOSSTONES CONCERT REVIEW

BY E. BEECROFT

October 26 brought 3 killer bands to that venerably decrepit Provo institution, the Palace. Boston's own Mighty Mighty Bosstones, California's Voodoo Glow Skulls and San Fran's punk outfit Total Chaos stormed the stage, providing an energetic diversion from school, work and all that sucks in general.

Opening the show was Provo's own rap band NUMBS, and, considering that they are the only rap band from Provo, they are pretty good at what they do. Comparisons to House of Pain and the Beastie Boys can't be ignored, however, as these youngins rhymed the evening to a warm start.

Next up was Total Chaos, the same band that opened for The Offspring a few months back. These guys are original hardcore punk, not the skate/surf hybrid of SoCal. Purple hair, black leather and body piercings seemed to be the order of the night. Though I am not a huge punk fan, I quickly embraced the late 1970's nostalgia feeling that pervaded the room. Rob Chaos, the lead singer, is a writhing freak on stage, shouting out against racism, against hatred

(ironic) and especially against the government. The usual punk complaints, complete with the mutilation of a flag at the end of their set. I felt akin with the spirit of the Sex Pistols-finally!

Voodoo Glow

Skulls, a SoCal ska/core outfit similar in a lot of ways to Provo's own Stretsch Armstrong, came on strong. I really dug these guys- the lead singer was vibrant and bounced all over the stage, the band itself moving between ska and hardcore fluently and with ease. It's always interesting to hear a guy rage on his guitar while horns penetrate the background. The pit was swarming like a living entity as these fellows rocked. That's the best way to describe them, in fact- they rock. That's all there is to it. A very cool band- DEFINITELY check out their disc.

Finally, to the sounds of bagpipes and



PHOTO BY CHRIS LINDSAY

seemed to think that this made the band lack (perhaps it did, though I could only tell a slight difference) the crowd disagreed. For the record, 600 moshing, sweating, skanking, diving folk left with a smile on their faces. The band emerged in their trade mark plaid. The thing I don't get is how the lead singer gets his voice to sound JUST like Louis Armstrong and B.B. King. It's amazing- this guy is white Irish-Catholic- to the max. Yet from deep within his throat rumbled a sound unheard of in a white man. This is, I think, the key to the Bosstones. Energetic-even spasmodic- doesn't even begin to describe this guy. Jumping to and fro, stage diving

drums, the big boys from Boston took the stage. This is an 8 piece outfit; however, on this evening one of the horn players had to attend a funeral and couldn't be there. While the lead singer

into the gleeful audience, dancing his tail off, this guy seemed to have a personal vendetta against the Palace's linoleum. And it was pretty cool.

One interesting feature about the Bosstones is that they have a member of the band who just dances- that's it. He is as entertaining as the music itself and only adds to the show. The band seemed to play a relatively short set, however, and after about an hour they were finished. This surprised me, because most ska shows I go to last at least two hours, often more. Oh well. During the encore the crowd stormed the stage and about a dozen people skanked right along with the rest of the band, who didn't seem to mind a bit.

The last time I saw these guys was at the first Skalaplooza a few years back. They were killer then, they've only improved. Thanks to Dave and Terry for tix, thanks to all the bands for being so damn cool before and after the show. I've never seen so many bandmembers mingling with the crowd and being downright nice to the press. Even the dude with his tongue pierced was cool. All in all a great showing for a fun band. Check out the Bosstones latest release at Sonic Garden. Chow !

ALBUM REVIEW :

HEADSHAKE—INSIDE

BY JOHN F. NOBBS

With groups like Stretsch Armstrong kicking the cataleptic body of local music around, perhaps it was inevitable that the search for something new would be on. One band possibly with that something is Headshake.

First, their marketing technique is exceptional. The new CD "Inside" is so professional looking, it looks like it came from a major label. The cover and jacket have superb artwork and the T-shirt looks great as well.

Second, there's amazing talent behind the sound. The guitar lines are crisp, clear and innovative. The vocals are deep and penetrating. In particular, "Joy" and "Let it Go" are songs where everything comes together nicely. They combine jagged rhythm and vocals with excellent apocalyptic lyrics.

All in all, effortlessly close, but no cigar. The rest of the album stumbles between an intersection of the compelling sex-beat simplicity of Soundgarden and the sparkling spirit of Ska. Separately each sound is provocative. But on this album they are unsettling. More than once I was waiting for a song to end. One example is "Buddha." The beginning is hard and fast - in two seconds I was in it all the way. But, all of a sudden it slowed to a crawl and my interest faded with it.

From what I can hear, the problem is deciding what sound to focus on. Once that decision is made this band has the potential to rock hard. The name Headshake implies a frenzy; that's what I was expecting. The talent is there, so only time will tell.

Still, this album does grow on you as it is. It's available at all the local distributors. Buy it, check it out, and support the local scene. Or check out Headshake at a concert near you.

The performance of punk band Total Chaos was the perfect opportunity to delve into the best of the LA hardcore scene, within the safe haven of The Palace dance club. I knew from the beginning that this was not another Wednesday ladies night, when I saw select members of the crowd being frisked by security. (I wasn't so lucky.)

Total Chaos, who opened for the ska lineup of Voodoo Glow Skulls and the Bosstones, began their set with a personal introduction: "We're Total Chaos. We're a punk rock band—if you don't like us, your mind's closed." The performance reached a climax when lead vocalist Rob Chaos ripped apart an American flag and threw it into the mosh pit to be further desecrated by the hoard of adoring punk fans. This single act should have satisfied any further curiosity about the band, their views, and punk rock in general. Journalistic curiosity being what it is, however, I wanted to find out more.

As if the song "Pledge of Defiance" didn't teach me anything, one of the first things I wanted to know was who these guys voted for in the last presidential election. After a moment of stunned silence, bass player Joe Bastard laughed, "Vote? Who's gonna vote? We don't vote!" "If voting changed things, it would be illegal," said Rob, "that's an old punk-rock slogan. Most votes don't change anything; the ones that make a difference don't change anything. I think they @#\$%^&* do like they do in Mexico, they forge the @#\$%^&* things. If they don't want this guy to go in power, they're gonna make him not go in power...and who's to prove it? We can't prove it." Okay, so back to the show.

The crowd's reaction to Total Chaos' performance was mixed. If you can, indeed, measure how good a band is by the level of violence displayed in the mosh pit, then they were definitely a hit. However, from the conversations I eavesdropped in on while wandering around the perimeter of the action, the more accurate crowd response would be a mixture of detest, confusion, and even awe. The more excitable of the fans were found mainly among the younger members of the audience. I saw at least two high school age



PHOTO BY CHRIS LINDSAY

wannabes actually going into fits of delight whenever certain expletives were used by band members. As if that form of expression is an unheard of novelty at Provo High. Still, for anyone who feels any form of aggression, this is not music that is hard to get into. The show was good, but it was even better to review the CD while exceeding the speed limit after a really bad day (this is something I don't recommend; UHP officers usually don't have similar musical tastes).

Total Chaos plays straight-forward, heavy-thrashing, hardcore punk rock. Their sound is based on the old style of punk that they all grew up with. Rob Chaos would explain it as being "musically like Rancid, with the pissed-offness of Henry Rollins, and Dead Kennedy's lyrics." Lyrics that (quite literally) scream anarchy, rebellion, and violence. This violence, explained Joe, is "an eye for an eye thing. Racism is a violent thing with the KKK and everything; war is a violent thing. If we sing our music violently, then they'll know it's a bad thing."

As I talked with three of the band members—Rob, Joe, and Gearbox (guitarist Ronald McMurder disappeared somewhere between the stage and the back room)—what became vividly apparent to me was that they were totally serious about their music and the message that it was meant to convey. The lyrics, the image, and the rage are all, for them, a distinct reality. All four of the band members grew up in Ontario, California, and were involved in the "L.A. hard-core scene" from a very young age. The draw to punk rock, for them and others, is frustration with "The System," and all of the prejudice and injustice that accompany it. According to Joe, early punk rock was "related strictly to drugs and violence, and that's about all it was." Rob was quick to correct him, saying that while these problems were rampant, that's not all it was; it still carried the message. Besides, he said, punk rockers in that scene are "not as abusive on drugs as they were back

"CHAOS" CONT. PAGE 9



MAKE PEOPLE THINK YOU'RE SMART

BY TURK ROBINSON

Are you a moron? Does Shakespeare make you queasy? Do your entrails run cold when anyone mentions the words “annotate”, “reason”, or “think about it”? Does the thought of analyzing poetry give you dry heaves, diarrhea, or that “uncomfortable feeling”? Does the very notion of having a discussion on “The Merits of Synthesis in American Political Theory from 1765-1802” rattle you, confuse you, or even make you pass out from mental exhaustion? Well, it used to for me. I used to think to myself, “Why does everyone laugh when I say something I don’t really mean to be funny?”, or “Why is the only thing anyone ever says to me, ‘Well, duh!'” I used to look in the mirror and scream at myself, saying “Get smart! Get smart!” over and over again, but that didn’t really work. I tried it all: banging my head against the wall, electric shock treatment, climbing the bell tower at noon, and even talking to Rex, but he was having the same sort of problems I was.

As I was about to throw a plugged in toaster into my bath tub, I came to a great realization. I asked myself the question every good American capitalist asks himself every day: what am I good at? I pondered this question for days and finally came up with the answer: I am a good liar. So with that wonderful new knowledge I developed the "Turk Robinson Lie Yourself to Intelligence Course", and now I am a well respected and admired person who is accepted at some of the most fancy restaurants in town. With an exclusive agreement with Student Review and in close conjunction with the ditto heads, I will bring my course to you, the reader, in the comfort of your own home, sending you on your way to financial and intellectual success.

There are basically four steps to the Turk Robinson Method: Prepare, Invite, Follow-Up, and (for use at any time) Lie.

First, prepare your victims by dressing according to the standard code. To start, cut your hair very short, keeping your eyes in plain sight (remember, eye contact is critical!). Dress modestly but be somewhat original—most geniuses don't worry about personal appearance, but still we don't want to scare anyone off, now, do we? If all else fails, be prepared to augment your look through a combination of spectacles, bow ties, and wing tips for men, and plaid skirts, white silk blouses, and rounded spectacles with chains around them for ladies (recognize that the librarian look is what we're aiming for here). Above all else, help others feel and recognize your image. Make someone look at you, turn to their friend, and say, "He/she sure is handsome/radiant". The key to intellectual success is to set yourself apart (after all, there are millions more smart people than morons like yourself—learn to stand out!).

The next step is to invite your victims (I mean friends) to bask in your intellect. To do this, you first build a relationship of trust. This must be accomplished over a slightly extended period of time. The main rule is "Compliment your way to success". Step by step, the more you gain their confidence, the greater the profit will be. A classic example is the trip to the

art gallery. The upper-crust person next to you asks you what you think of the painting that lies before you. What do you do? You could give him your honest opinion, but remember, you're a moron. The proper way to go about it according to the Turk method is:

1. Ask the smart person what he thinks of it.
 2. Listen to what he has to say, probably something like, "I think it is confoundedly fulgent, yet temperamental."
 3. Think about what he said.
 4. Give him a compliment, such as, "Oh, you tell it all so truly."

5. Then you say, "I think it is confoundedly fecund, yet temperamental, too." Do you see how simple it is? Remember, compliment, then repeat. And if he starts saying words that you cannot pronounce, simply stand back, cross your arms, and say filler words like, "Uh huh, interesting," or, "Oh really, do you think so?" And if all else fails, just lie.

The next step is crucial, but the follow-up is the single most missed step by anyone who has ever taken my course. Imagine a typical conversation with a group of intellectuals. The proper way to look at the dialogue is as follows:

1. Always agree with the smartest person in the group.
 2. Don't bring up any questions of your own, you'll look stupid.
 3. Always lie about your credentials. Mention that you have a 4.0, or that you have visited many foreign countries, or that your grandfather was the adviser to Abraham Smoot.

4. Look in the dictionary for the biggest words you can find and use them as much as you can. The sentence, "I am going to the store" can be changed to, "Myself, I am expeditiously withdrawing along to the showroom of comestibles this de facto diminutive."

The single most important part of following up goes back to the central idea of lying. Say, for example, that someone is having a conversation with you and they suddenly ask you a question. The first thing to do is to stay calm and not panic. Perhaps the person asked you if the theory of relativity is true, and you don't even know what the theory of relativity is. In this situation you have basically two

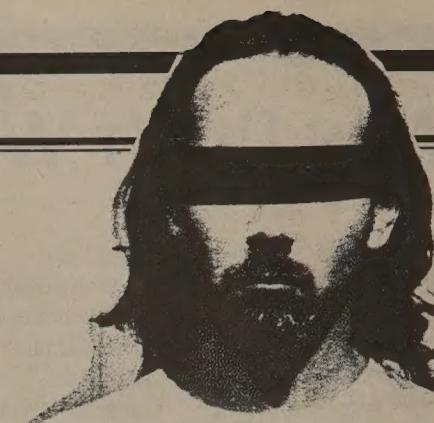
Answer #1: "No, the theory of relativity is not true. New advances have shown that the theory of

relativity is not and never will be true. I know that it could not possibly be true."

Answer #2: "Yes, the theory of relativity is true; if you really think about it, you'll know this. Let me put no doubt in your mind that anything about the theory of relativity is not true, because it is. I know it."

It's just that easy. All you have to do is follow the steps. Very soon after you have started, you will notice that people take you more seriously, and will treat you with greater respect. No one will persecute you anymore. If you become one with my system, you will never have to worry about being alone intellectually again.

The plain truth is that this plan works. If you take it into your heart and believe that it is true, you will be just as respected and trusted as I am. Remember that usually only you can prevent people from splitting on you.



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TO RUN WITH THE PREPS

With Thanksgiving just around the corner, it's time to think about shedding some of that excess fat so you can really gorge yourself this holiday season. Health and fitness are very important. Doctors and other wealthy people are saying that one's fitness can affect one's success in one's chosen field. Never mind Orson Welles and President Taft, thin is in.

Luckily, many of you are getting "heart smart" and exercising. I know this because I saw a bunch of people jogging early in the morning several weeks ago. Usually I prefer the early morning hours (anything before 11:00) to be a purely theoretical thing, but I had to take a friend up to the airport at 6:00 a.m. And there you were, legions of joggers clogging the sidewalks of the town I sometimes call home. I noticed that you joggers did not appear to be having much fun out there. Most of you had looks on your faces that would indicate most of you were passing kidney stones while jogging that morning. A quick glance through a medical journal showed that it was almost statistically impossible for that many of you to be suffering that condition. There must be something else to this jogging thing.

SWitnessing that much meaningless pain led me to conclude that I had stumbled upon a great topic for a humor column. There was only one thing left to do: wake up early and go jogging myself. Imagine the fun! I could stagger around the streets of Provo early in the morning, gather amusing exercise stories, and even meet some fellow joggers. That's a really great idea, and one that I'm going to try some time, but my stupid alarm clock just wouldn't cooperate. No matter how many times I would set it for 6:00 a.m., it wouldn't go off. At least I never heard it. So I settled for running around the block between writing this paragraph and the next.

9 It was quite a revealing trot. I learned that joggers usually prepare for a good run by putting on sneakers, stretching muscles, and not eating a big meal right before running. I now know that this is extremely important. I'm pretty sure I've got that kidney stone face right now. I also learned that (apart from a stupid looking guy running down the sidewalk) there's not a whole lot of amusing stuff happening outside on a Sunday night. This is very bad, because I was counting on that jog to supply me with lots of amusing anecdotes to fill the rest of this column with. Instead I'll write about my coat.

8

W

A

A coat.
S Everybody stop making fun of my coat. I bought it a few months ago and it has given me nothing but grief ever since. It's problem is a little embroidered logo that appears on the front of the coat. That's right it's that little horse and rider that says "Polo."
T

Years ago it was a shameful thing to have the symbols for Le Tigre, Ganimals, and Toughskins on your person. It meant that you were trying to be cool, like those kids who had those oh-so-hip Izod clothes. Now it's all different. Toughskins? Cool. Ganimals? Chic. How about those blue Traxx shoes K-Mart used to sell? The height of fashion. If I could somehow get a clone of myself from the sixth grade, I'd be the hippest person alive. Unfortunately, I bought this coat from a Polo outlet and now I fear for my life.

C coat from a Polo outlet and now I fear for my life.
H Most of the serious abuse has come from the very people I
A thought were my friends—my roommates. Just in the last week, they
R have called me “preppy boy,” “El Preppo,” “That guy with the Polo
coat,” “Mr. Prep,” “stupid guy with that dumb coat,” “Super nerd,”
“Bozo the dweeb,” “guy with a coat that preppie people wear,”
“Raymond Whitney,” and “The Sport Fisherman’s Paradise.” I’m
not really sure what those last two names are supposed to mean, but
we can safely assume that it has something to do with the coat.

A we can safely assume that it has something to do with the coat.
A What I've tried to explain is that I bought the coat because it was
C really cheap. It even has a defect. Yup, it's missing a decorative
T buttonhole by the collar and that's why I got it at a bargain basement
price. Still, people say I sold out. A roommate even confided to me
that I would have been better off paying more for a coat that looked
better. What a cruel twist of fashion.

Tcheaper. What a cruel twist of fashion.
EThere's not much I can do about the whole coat mess now,
Rexcept hope that trends change soon and I still have the coat when it
Shappens. Until then, please try to be understanding of folks like me
who have been forced into a preppy life because of finance. And no
matter what you do, don't ever call somebody the "Sport
Fisherman's Paradise" unless you really mean it. Some wounds
never heal.



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DEB AND KATO'S GRIPE SESSION: "MATCHMAKER, MATCHMAKER"

BY DEBBIE BANFORD AND KATE SNYDER

Wards are full of foyer bouncers, hymn book coordinators, Relief Society centerpiece correlators, and ecclesiastical endorsement counterfeitors. So where are the matchmakers, the one person BYU wards really need and don't have? The many advantages of having a ward matchmaker will make you dizzy with delight. With a preselected match, you'll have more time to devote to such pleasurable pursuits as studying. Plus, you'll never be without a hand to hold at Disco Skate. Say good-bye to endless hours at Student Review headquarters using your editor position to finagle dates with staff members. Forget about interminable blind dates set up by pitying roommates. And hey, no more sweaty Friday nights spent Latin dancing at the Wilk again...ever! However, as objective and professional journalists, we feel obligated to acknowledge the downside to all this matchmaking mirth. To ensure yourself a good match, endless hours of kissing up to the ward matchmaker will be required. And speaking of kissing, your reckless NCMO days will be over. You could end up stuck with spending eternity with a heavy metal fanatic who seductively serenades you every morning with "Pour Some Sugar On Me". And of course, the ultimate sacrifice; no more butt-shakin', hip-swingin', girl-tossin' erotic Latin dancing at the Wilk again...ever!

Obviously, the advantages of the Matchmaker Theory far outweigh the disadvantages. So come, join us for the First Annual Matchmaker Rally as we converge upon the Church Office Building chanting, "Matchmaker, matchmaker, give us a matchmaker!"

YENTE, the matchmaker



"BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO"

BY SUE BECKER

As soon as I walked into Advanced American Heritage, he looked up at me. My new T.A. already liked me. Something was bound to happen between us. He then looked at my bare feet. As he got up to give his lecture he said, "Mind if I take my shoes off?" Kindred spirits. Our feet fumes merged together to create a more unified fume, and it was only inevitable that we would also unify. However, before I let my emotions get the best of me, I decided I better go through my mental checklist of requirements for potential mates. 1) Was he good looking? Absolutely. His muscles rippled through his puffy sleeves. My mouth was watering. 2) Many people think I'm superficial when I require good looks, so I want you to know my desires go much deeper than that. He must also be rich. My T.A. dressed well and was an accounting major. So far so good. 3) My last requirement. He must be a genius. I'm an American Heritage T.A. which obviously makes me a half genius. We teach our students the basic moral principles of our government i.e., Clinton, feminists, gays, political correctness, and that radicals are evil. Bush is good. maS (this of course is not his real name, I just disguised it) is an Advanced American Heritage T.A. which makes him a full fledged genius. Since maS passed all of my requirements, I knew we were ready for a deep and passionate relationship. If only I knew how tumultuous it would really be. Our heart-breaking relationship can be divided into three stages.

1. The SFLC meeting. I was walking through the SFLC when our eyes met. With those eyes, we communicated our inner most souls. My soul, in true agony cried out, "I just flunked my

- | | |
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BOTTOM
10

SLEEP DEPRIVATION, INHIBITION, TETANUS,
DOMESTIC INEPTNESS, BOX ELDER BUGS,
LINT, PRESSURE, EXISTENTIALISM, "SORRY,
THIS ACCOUNT IS OVERDRAWN", NO

economics test because I got there late and didn't finish it."

The brilliance in his eyes replied, "Does your teacher know anything about Einstein? Doesn't he know that time is relative and what might be 10:00 a.m. to him may only be 9:00 a.m. to you? You, Sue, are like Einstein. Just like his school did not recognize his genius, so BYU does not recognize yours. Nor do they recognize your great legs. The BYU Honor Code should make an exception for you." I was consoled and we only feel deeper in whatever we were already deep in.

2. The BYU Bookstore meeting. Yes, this was the climax of our relationship. I saw maS go

to the candy counter so I approached him.

"What kind of candy are you getting?" I asked.

"Sour patch kids." Kindred spirits again. I almost bought some that very day.

"Can I have some?" He hesitated for a moment and then handed me the bag. I took four—no, five—no, six—no, eight—no, twelve—no, twenty of his kids, leaving him two. He knew that giving up his candy symbolized so much more. He was giving me almost his whole soul.

3. The breakup. My cousin and I passed his house and I whispered, "That's where he lives."

"Who?"

"The man I'm going to marry"

"What's his name?"

"maS," I said.

"Oh no, I can't let you go out with him."

"What!?" I cried.

"I've gone out with him and he's a dork."

"Why?" I asked incredulously.

"The guy is obsessed with linen."

"You're making this up."

"No, I'm not. We spent our whole date talking about how you're not supposed to wear linen in the winter. Everyone knows about his obsession. In fact, my friend and I saw him the other day and she said, 'There's linen man!'"

Then I remembered his words

OCTOBER 20, AT A VOICE MEETING:
FEMALE #1: "I'M NOT A BRA-BURNING FEMINIST OR ANYTHING."
FEMALE #2: "YEAH, ESPECIALLY WHEN BRAS ARE SO EXPENSIVE!"

OCTOBER 25, IN FRONT OF THE HBLL, 3:00 P.M.:
HYSTERICALLY AMUSED FEMALE: "WELL, I BIT MY ROOMMATE'S BUTT!"

OCTOBER 21, IN THE QUAD, 1:30 P.M.:
FEMALE SOCIALITE: "THEY'RE TOTALLY, LIKE, EAGER BEAVERS, LIKE THEY JUST WANT TO GET YOU TO, LIKE, MARRY THEM."
SLIGHTLY JEALOUS FRIEND: "YOU DIDN'T LET HIM TOUCH YOU, DID YOU?"
SOCIALITE: "WELL, A LITTLE...WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO DO WHEN HE PUTS HIS HAND UP YOUR DRESS?"

OCTOBER 23, IN A RAINTREE APARTMENT, 1:45 P.M.:
INDIGNANT ROOMMATE DEFENDING BOYFRIEND: "WELL, I'D RATHER DATE A PANSY THAN A JERK, THAT'S FOR SURE!"

to me that first day of class. "You must have spent a long time ironing your linen today." I could not hide from the truth. Yes, I had forgotten to write down the fourth and most important criterion on my checklist. "My future mate cannot be obsessed with linen." I was going to have to break it off. No matter how much he protested, I would not go to Homecoming with him. It was very hard on both of us but I have remained strong for two weeks. Last night, however, I broke down when I sat down to eat and saw the tablecloth. I cannot help but think what could have been.

TRAVELING

SHORT FICTION BY LARA CANDLAND

There is a gently sloping hill and a paleness of the trail on which they are traveling. Abbott approves of how the hill slopes like the breast of a woman or the belly. He cups his hand like to cover the entire hill with it as he would a breast. He has his oxen Diana and Geoffrey. He has a tune in mind, a boy and two girls and a woman who is sick with a fourth in the box of his wagon.

Diana is slowing at the crest of the hill. Abbott assures her that they will soon rest. Some of the grasses they have seen are as tall as a man. The hills they have seen are sweet and round and gentle. It is noon and warm and his family are all sleeping in the shade of the box. Abbott is pleased at their resting while he drives and at their way of knowing he will continue moving as they sleep. He cups his hand and remembers the flatness of the land dotted with gentle hills—the behind of a woman he once knew?—under the big platter of sky you would see out here. How he had covered this land more quickly than he thought he would was also pleasing. He had had two small fried cakes at dawn. Even the hunger now could not annoy because he was still moving and his hunger marked the passage of time since dawn and therefore a distance covered that was hard to mark with the eye.

Mary rises and comes next to him on the board with a drink of water. She holds the cup for him while he drinks. It is very pleasant to have her next to him. They had gotten sweet fresh water that morning. Its coolness is welcome now.

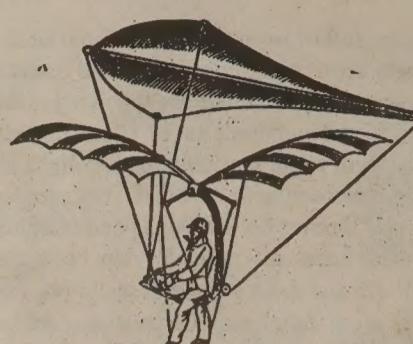
"You are feeling well?" Abbott says.

"I am not feeling well. It is very close in there."

The two watch how the sky is like china, like a soup plate, Mary says but Abbott says flatter than that. Mary says she could serve soup on it without spilling. Abbott does not disagree. Mary says she can scarcely think they will ever arrive some place, with the vastness of this land showing no sign of a destination. Abbott thinks how the place they are in can be likened to two cupped palms, one covering

the other. Mary has said they are covered with a sky whose shape resembles a soup plate.

Mary lies with the children in the wagon when they first sleep and later with Abbott beneath the wagon, holding his knees to her belly and liking the feel of their pressure. Early morning she will move back to the wagon for warmth and some extra sleep while Abbott prepares the animals. As they travel she wears only her undergarment and dress, saving the petticoat and overskirt for when she will need to appear more respectable. Abbott's white shirt has grayed and she keeps a clean one within reach should he meet up with someone or arrive someplace. Mary and her big girl will mix the meal with water and fry or boil some cakes on the fire. They will wash their eating utensils and themselves with water heated on the fire. All of these tasks they will perform at dawn and the family will move before it is fully light. Mary and the big girl straighten



the inside of the wagon and tend to the boy and the little girl.

Mary had earlier found one thing that was odder than anything else she had seen in this new place. She had found a hive of bees made of tall grass situated on the ground near the trail. The grass was wound, some of it still rooted in the dirt, to a hive. Mary sat next to it and looked for a bee, so sure was she that this thing was really a hive. Mary sat next to the hive and watched it. Later she broke it open and removed the comb. They would have honey in the morning and comb to chew on. Mary had broken the hive, which contained dry grass and some still living grass, quietly and had not disturbed the bees. She had placed it back together and had felt sure it would mend easily, so strange was the nature of the thing in the first place.

And Mary had been stricken for two days and one night with a headache. For that period of time she could not keep any food or water in her stomach. Her big girl

would hang the small pail on a peg outside the wagon box and wipe Mary's mouth and give her a drink after she had rid her stomach of its contents. Mary covered her eyes with her hands and also with different cloths in order to create darkness. At dinner time the next day she was able to drink a hot thin soup her girl had made with a rabbit. When the night came down the second evening it covered her like a blanket and she slept.

When the day came again she prepared breakfast and the family started moving. *Guide us O thou great Jehovah, Saints upon the promised land; We are weak but thou art able, Hold us with thy powerful hand.* Mary sang that morning but then stopped her singing and did not start it again. Mary looked for a change that would indicate the loss of two days, but there was no change, no mark or indication whatsoever.

The eyes of the family begin to forget that they have seen anything other than grasses or ever felt another feeling besides prairie wind against them and then the utter prairie stillness. The eyes of the family see patterns in the way the tall grass blows and that is all. Sometimes the big girl thinks she is in a dish with a lid. Sometimes, though, she is a boat on the water. She sits in the box putting braids into the sister's hair again. The sister holds a doll and cup. The brother sleeps. Mother sits. They move. How many steps have they taken since the dawn and morning cakes? It is impossible to mark.

The eyes of the family look ahead to find marks indicating that they will arrive someplace. The eyes of the little brother do not look beyond the wagon but only sometimes behind it and mostly within it. The brother sees the backs of the animals but not the heads as the heads are mostly kept down while walking. The brother sees articles contained within the wagon and the two sisters also contained within. He sees a

"TRAVELING" CONT. NEXT PAGE

150 YEARS OF AMERICAN PAINTING

BY GABRIELLE STANLEY

Let me begin by saying I originally intended to decline the assignment to review the American Art exhibit because I have moral objections to such things. It's not that I object to art or art history, I actually enjoy both thoroughly. My dislike lies with the art historians and art critics. It just seems to me they assume much more than a historian should, and become quite subjective in their analysis of an artist's style or particular piece of work.

I have resolved my dilemma by vowing to tell you outright that I am acting on pure bias and personal taste when I tell you about this exhibit and make no claims of being objective. Let me add here also, there is no rush to get to BYU's Museum of Art in order to see this exhibit. I say this not because it's a poor exhibit, but because it is part of their permanent collection and will be there for something like five years. The physical exhibit itself is very nicely done and I'd like to give my regards to the exhibit designer. The pieces within the collection are also nothing to be laughed at and I was almost surprised to see some of the more well known artists who were represented.

The exhibit is divided into seven major sections and begins with a display of portraiture, the first piece dating at 1794. My initial thought whenever witnessing portraits from colonial America is that all the females have eyes like mine and should really be wearing eyeliner. Every lady seems to look like a Madonna, very pale and solemn, wearing empire waists to imply they are with child, and gagging themselves in order to keep a pale, almost under-the-weather, complexion.

American art was still borrowing from Europe at this time, and the two schools vying for power in Europe: neoclassicism and romanticism, are both represented in the exhibit. Personally, my favorite pick from this section are the husband and wife portraits by Sarah Miriam Peale of Patience Cole and James Grant Cortland (both done in 1840). I like them because the paintings are very well rendered with incredible detail in Mrs. Cortland's clothing—the lace and fringe and very realistic and the texture of velvet is fantastic.

The genres following portraiture are covered in the next two sections which display the first and second Hudson River Schools with paintings dating from 1834 to 1893. I'm not a huge fan of landscape painting so I chose not to spend much time on these sections, but I should mention that some great artists are represented here, including Asher B. Durand, Frederick Edwin Church, and John Frederik Kensett for the first generation of the Hudson River School. George Caitlin's *North American Indians*, done in the early to mid 1830's is also part of the collection and seeing that most of us have seen this piece in one textbook or another at some point in our lives, it would be a good idea to go observe the original.

The big names representing the second generation of the Hudson River School at the exhibit are George Inness and

Dwight William Tryon. Both are tonalists and therefore use the muted palette of the Barbizon School, and both paint a much more intimate scene of nature than the previous generation.

Next, I moved on to the late-nineteenth century, and this is where I spent most of my visit. BYU has five pieces by Julian Alden Weir, all worth seeing, my favorite being the *Portrait of a Young Woman*, (1912). The brushstrokes in this section all become quite painterly, due to the influence of the French impressionists, except for one by Victor Nehlig, which shows off his academic training. Another "must see" in this group is a portrait of a gentleman done by William Merritt Chase that gives such a contrast in dark and light and looks like it was done so quickly, I found it most intriguing.

Following the late nineteenth century was a section on American Impressionism, but alas, it did not leave much of an impression (funny joke). Truly, the only things standing out in my mind concerning this part of the exhibit are a piece by Thomas Wilmer Dewing, entitled, *The Spinner*, (1880), which is nice to look at and reflects mixed messages about suffrage rights in Boston at that time, and *Bridge at Vernon*, (1905), by Theodore Earl Butler, simply because of its lively palette. For example, there is a green in that painting that is the exact color of the Sparklett's water trucks and a red the color of the perfect nail polish.

On I moved to the section covering impressionism and realism at the turn of the century, and here I spent the second longest part of my visit. There are plenty of "must sees" in this area. In fact, I believe my favorite pick of the entire exhibit was from this section and was called *Young Constructors*, (1903), by James Taylor Harwood. It's a definite five-star work; I could stare for hours. (I probably did.) Other good picks include Edwin Evans' *Grain Fields*, (1890), Robert Reid's *Against the Sky*, (1911), and pieces by John Henry Twachtman and Elihu Vedder. One last picture that caught my eye was a *Portrait of Fay Banter*, (1918), by Robert Henri, mostly because I couldn't decide if I loved it or hated it.

The last section in the exhibit was eclectic—a virtual pot pourri of styles, (even one done in Chinese ink), and it concluded with a thought-provoking piece by Maynard Dixon called *Forgotten Man*, (1934), depicting, in somber tones with a cropped composition, a forlorn man sitting on a curb during the depression. Bring your kleenex for this one.

Again, I'd like to say the exhibit was very well done; 73 paintings by 56 artists, spanning the history of America from 1794-1944. It's definitely worth your time and because it's free admission, there is no risk involved. Why, there's even a coat and bag check for your convenience. So go on, take a date, the museum is open till 9:00 PM, and, if you stop for a light lunch at the Museum Cafe on your way out, your date might even be impressed.



HOLLYWOOD GOTHIC:

FRANKENSTEIN &

INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE

MOVIE REVIEWS BY TOM DOMINGUES

A few weeks late for Halloween come two movies that flirt with the horror genre and take the bold challenge of translating a story from the page to the screen, from novel to film.

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein—It was with much anticipation and some trepidation that I went to see this film. Would Kenneth Branagh the skilled, young director (*Much Ado About Nothing*, *Henry V*, *Dead Again*) make the same mistakes in translating a classic horror novel to screen that Francis Ford Coppola (who produced *Frankenstein*) made with *Bram Stoker's Dracula*? Luckily for all who see this film this is not the case, though there are similarities between the two films.

Like *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* is visually stunning. Thanks to the superb art direction and production design the sets and costumes are breathtaking, creating a rich gothic mood without being ostentatious. *Frankenstein*, however, succeeds where *Dracula* failed in that it is true to the original story. This is not to say that all films based on literary works need keep all the details of the original, but they should hold to the flavor of it, which *Frankenstein* does. *Dracula* failed in that it deviated from both the plot and the theme of the original work, trying to be both a horror movie and a love story at the same time.

Frankenstein is not so much a horror story as a tragedy and this firmly comes across in the film. Robert De Niro puts in an admirable performance as the tortured creature in pursuit of his creator and a companion. At times he compels our compassion, at others our revulsion as does the creature in Shelley's novel. The changes Branagh does make are justifiable for film, and they advance the plot and reveal character well. He carefully condenses when necessary (especially in the beginning with Victor Frankenstein's history—which is good in the book, but would be tedious on film). He also adds scenes consistent with Victor's character. Though not in the novel, his attempt to bring back to life his fiance Elizabeth (Helena Bonham Carter) works because Branagh has centered Victor's drive on the defeat of death. His slight change in the end of the film caps it off neatly when a straight adaptation of the novel would have fallen flat on the silver screen.

In short Branagh has shown his genius again as a director in adapting literary texts. Not only is *Frankenstein* more true to the original in character and plot than any of its namesakes, it is also faithful to the mixed mood of the novel. It works in thrilling us, evoking our sympathy, and in the end, leaving us with a sense of wonder. Unlike *Bram Stoker's Dracula*, which wrongly included the original author's name in its title, Branagh's *Frankenstein* truly is *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*.

Interview With The Vampire—With all the pre-release hype surrounding this film it is difficult to watch it with an open mind, especially if you are an Anne Rice fan. Everyone has heard of the outcry (much of it from Rice herself) about the selection of Tom Cruise as the seductive and sometimes villainous Lestat. That Rice withdrew her previous opposition after viewing the film should be seen as a good omen by those who have not yet seen it, because the truth is: this movie works. Thanks largely to the great vision and direction of Neil Jordan (*The Crying Game*) and a superb screenplay adaptation by Rice herself the film is a tightly constructed package which, like *Frankenstein*, retains the flavor of the novel, is faithful to it, and is a decent work of art in its own right.

The film even surprises with touches not found in the novel (or thankfully the trailers) such as bits of comic relief. For example when the vampire Lestat discovers that Claudia (the child vampire he and his companion Louis created) has killed her piano teacher, he exclaims "Claudia! What have we always told you?" To which she sheepishly replies "Never in the house."

Like *Frankenstein*, the movie is a rich pageant of color mixed with gothic grey. In this case it is a pageant of the undead—taking us on the introspective history of the vampire Louis, played by Brad Pitt who does a good job at capturing Louis' eternal angst. Surprisingly effective, however, is Tom Cruise, he manages to fill the large shoes provided for Lestat by Rice and alternatively dazzles and grates the audience. Also good is Kirsten Dunst as Claudia, whom I feared would be too old to play the eternally young vampire-child, but who truly fits the part, especially when called on to be an intelligent adult trapped in a child's body.

Surprising too was that for all the hype, the homoeroticism of the novel was played down in the film. Not to say that it was not present, it was, but Rice readers will notice its lack. Readers know in Rice's universe sexual love for vampires is replaced by companionship, which does sometimes appear homoerotic. This longing for friendship is lacking a bit in the film. Though it somewhat captures the novel's theme of the loneliness of immortality, I wish that it could have come across a little stronger.

The ending of the film, added for the film (as with *Frankenstein* the original story's end would fall a bit flat on film), feels a little contrived and is the only time this movie feels like Hollywood has crept in. However it sets up the strong possibility of a sequel, depending of course on how well *Interview* does in the box office the next few weeks. Judging from the response at the theatre I went to, I wouldn't be surprised if *The Vampire Lestat* makes its way to the silver screen in the not so distant future. And it certainly will if audiences leave echoing Claudia's sentiments: "I want some more."

CONTINUED...

TRAVELING

mother sitting or sometimes reclined, he sees items hanging for ready use from the wagon bows. He always sees a father's back and hat and suspenders sitting on the board up front.

What they all see is never another family passing and never an animal larger than a rabbit besides their own oxen.

What they want to see is something in the distance.

What one would see if one was to watch the family is a mother, wan and thin, tired and pale, reclining and sometimes sitting, a sister with two braids and a sister with one braid, a brother wearing long trousers, and a father, driving a pair of oxen, with a face impassive against the blank prairie edges. What the father is now seeing is the approach to the next swell on the trail and the slowing of his animals. He may be still ingesting the shapes of the land: the swells and the curves and the flat places and his riding over and over and over—the incessant passing—the woman he used to know, the horse he left behind, the children never before him always seeing only his back, the thinning of his animals and the dull motion of their haunches, the milk he has not had since leaving, the sky from which he cannot take cover, the woman who is talking less and less, the repetition of the grasses, and the lid he is aching to lift and throw off them all.



POETRY BY ELISSA MINOR

Distance

I hear Hawaii is beautiful all year round, especially when the fire-sun speaks to the waves about you. When I call you we talk about dream things; I've begun to put them in my box and plant them near the tree you must be leaning against. Fire acts this way: first a rumbling you can't hear, then a bright, burning dance that climbs higher

than before. Where I am, they say snow will come and cover winter, and ask if I belong so far from the sun gods. It's hard to be one wire away from your voice, and in it a song written by the miles pulls at the sea; it's beautiful all year in Hawaii.

POETRY BY KAELE MOFFAT

D-Day Every Year

In black and white,
I watch a battle surgeon
Sewing a beardless cheek.
Shrapnel hanging precariously
From the temple.
Above, Hurricanes and P-38 Lightnings
Roar into the heart of Europe.
How many times have these beardless
died, face down in the gray waves?
I watch them every June,
And think about my grandfather,
Thank God that he wasn't at Omaha,
That he was in Sicily
With a bottle of wine,
An American cigarette,
And the Italians on the run.

N.Y.U. Graduate Takes a Picture

A boy pledging allegiance
To a beardless cameraman
Beyond the fence
Standing outside of his black Dodge van,

To a beardless cameraman
Who's just out of school,
Standing outside of his black Dodge van,
With his diploma and rules,

STANZA BREAK

Who's just out of school
Knows nothing about broken toilets and windowpanes,
With his diploma and rules,
Photographing rags and newspapers wet from the rain,

Knows nothing about broken toilets and window panes
He's come to the slums
Photographing rags and newspapers wet from the rain.
Now he sees what life becomes.

He's come to the slums,
Beyond the fence,
Now he sees what life becomes:
A boy pledging allegiance.



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THOUGHTS ON MORTALITY

BY FELICITY HAMILTON

In nearly every "great" story, someone dies. To use an obvious example, where would *Romeo and Juliet* be if they hadn't killed themselves? But even in lesser known stories this happens—in one of my favorite books, *Davita's Harp*, the most poignant part is where Davita's father dies. And isn't it because of a morbid obsession with death that people read the obituaries before they read the front page of a newspaper?

"Hold on, hold on to yourself, 'cause this is going to hurt like hell." (Sarah McLachlan, Hold On) That is the underlying thought behind death. In order to make sense of a world where people die for what can seem like no reason at all, we had to come up with a reason for death. In some respects, that is the entire explanation for religion. I'm not saying that religion isn't valid in many other ways, but for my purposes, death is a messy idea and religion is just a way for people to deal with it.

In LDS doctrine, death is something like a shot in the arm. You know it will make you better, but it hurts a lot to begin with. We are told to be kind of excited for death to come. Don't take this wrong, but it is true. There is even a line in a song celebrating what could almost be termed the joys of death. "... And should we die before our journey's through, happy day. All is well" (LDS Hymnbook, 1985, 30). Death is not looked upon as a horrible thing. Death brings you to a place where you see your family and friends who died before you. It brings you to a place where you do not have to deal with the problems of earth life. Death is the next step in the progression towards eternal life. This earth life is just one part of an eternal life. It is on the earth where you are tested. Every person has a chance to choose between good and evil. Once you die, you are judged according to what you have done while on the earth. Once you have been judged, you go to one of the three kingdoms—the Celestial, (highest) the Terrestrial, or the Telestial (lowest). And according to where you go, those are your stations throughout eternity. Children under the "age of accountability" (eight) are able to go directly to the Celestial kingdom, as they have not had the chance to learn enough to judge correctly between good and evil. Once there people wait for their families and do whatever they need to. In this respect, death is not hard on the person who has died, but the family who hasn't. I knew a little five-year-old boy from home who died. His family is dealing with his death pretty well—they know he is waiting in the Celestial kingdom for them. The hardest part is waiting to see him again. His family is grieving more for the years they have lost with him than for his actual physical death.

Buddhism is broken into two distinct ideas on death—one that believes that when you die you lose your personality and the other, which believes something close to the LDS idea that an individual gains eternal life when they die. The more "conservative" is Theravada Buddhism, and the more "progressive" is Mahayana Buddhism. For those who follow Theravada Buddhism, the ultimate goal is nirvana. Nirvana, however, is not what most would picture as "heaven." For Theravadan Buddhists, it is a state of ultimate peace and freedom. Nirvana is a state in which people cease to exist. In Nirvana there is nothing. No light, dark, or individuality. You, as a personality cease to exist. Mahayana Buddhism's thoughts are much different from Theravadan. When a person dies, they want to go to the "Land of Endless Light." This is somewhat comparable to the LDS idea of a Celestial kingdom. In fact, the majority of Mahayanan ideas of life after death are close to LDS ideas and thoughts. Instead of becoming part of the cosmos and losing your individuality, in Mayahanan thought, you live forever as a distinct personality, helping others achieve what you have.

In many Eastern religions such as Hinduism, death is just part of the continuum. In order to be perfected, people need to go through a series of births, deaths, and rebirths. For these eastern religions, death is literally just another part of life. In Hinduism there are three ways to achieve salvation—through works, (Karma), through knowledge, (Jyana), and through worship, (Bhakti). Most do not pick just one way, but combine them all into their own ideas of salvation. The most familiar way is the way of works—if you are a good person and do good things, karma will be burned off and you will come back in your next life higher than in this one. However, if you aren't good you will come back lower than this one. Eventually, through your series of lives, you will burn all of your karma off

and go to nirvana. The way of knowledge is a more studious way. Through the studies of sacred books and texts you will eventually become a holy person and receive release from reincarnation. In the way of devotion, a person picks one of the Hindu gods and they believe that through prayers of devotion, the god will help them achieve Nirvana and not be born again.

But where do real people stand? In what direction do their beliefs take them? While part of a religion or a group of thought, how far into that thought do they coincide? I know that for myself, no matter how much I hear that death is not just an end, it wouldn't make me feel much better if I knew I would die tomorrow. However, when one of my friend's relatives died, that gave her great comfort. That discrepancy may be just between my friend and I, but I think that in reality, most people are afraid of death. Even if there is a wonderful after-life, death is a scary prospect.

I grew up knowing at least three things are true—bad guys always wear black hats, if you go to college you can automatically get a job, and children and good people don't die. I still believe in the first one, a good friend proved the second wrong last year, and I wish I could believe in the third. Like I said, a five-year-old boy I knew very well recently died. And since then, I have found out there is a chance that there might be something wrong with me and that I could die. The possibility of that happening is minuscule, however, it is enough to make someone rethink again and again what they truly believe in their hearts. Is there an after-life? What happens if there isn't? I believe there is. I believe that once we die, we will be in a place where happiness reigns. I also worry about those we leave behind. Even if they too believe in an after-life where everyone will be together again, to see someone die, especially a young person, is a test of that faith.

These are just three of the many ways people deal with death. Every religion has its own idea of what happens after death. Even though many times the thoughts coincide, there are distinctions that must be made when learning about each religion or thought. Also, each person must find which one helps them deal with the thought of eventual death of themselves and others.

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FUN WITH VISITING (HOME) TEACHING

BY SARAH ANDERER

Visiting teaching can sometimes be a huge drag. Although I realize that some people really enjoy it, many of us don't relish the idea of going into a semi-stranger's home and telling them what to do with their time. So here is a list of cool visiting teaching ideas for those of you who are a little burned out on the whole thing.

Give her a secret code in a bottle and tell her that if she has the Spirit with them she will be able to figure out what it says.

Clean her kitchen for her. Make dinner using her food for you, your friends, relatives, and roommates.

Offer to give her a ride to church some cold morning—neglect to tell her it is on a bike.

Instead of giving the book lesson one month tell her what you really think about the Gospel using slide shows, music, and dance.

Give her your phone number so she can call you if she ever needs anything—forget that it is your old phone number from last year and you have moved.

Bake her cookies or something using chocolate chips when you know she is allergic.

In your testimony one month, tell everyone how glad you are that you don't have the same problems she has—don't forget to mention her by name.

Instead of using church songs to supplement your lesson one month, use something you really enjoy, like Pearl Jam or Nirvana.

Encourage her to tell you all about her life, good and bad. Then report back to the Relief Society or Bishop. Remember, it is your duty as not only her friend, but also as her visiting teacher.

With just a little creativity, visiting teaching can actually be fun. And if you truly hate it, use a few of these suggestions, and you probably won't have to do it for a very long time.

CONTINUED...

CHAOS

then, everyone used to shoot heroin and do coke and speed and everything. All of my punk rock friends get drunk a lot, but they're not like drunks though, it's just different."

This is not the only element of punk rock that has changed. For one thing, bands like the Offspring and Green Day are making it high on the charts. For a genre that once was dedicated to "outcasts," it is now, in some forms, going mainstream. Regardless, though, there is still that message everybody keeps talking about, the one that is so carefully cocooned within the violence. If you really want to find out about it, read the lyrics. Like Joe said, this is how they get their point across. One of their songs, dedicated to the L.A. riots, is "Riot City," and is essentially a call to arms: "let's riot let's riot let's riot today/against the police or the C.I.A." "Suicide Mission" is a cry against arms: "get in line, stand at attention/it's time to die for a one-way system/...you believe the !@#\$ they stick in your head/it's your own %^&* fault you wind up dead/...nothing good comes out of war/just the profits of the capitalist whore." In a nutshell, Total Chaos is anti-government, anti-religion, and anti-society, all rolled up in screaming rage and packaged neatly in their C.D., "Pledge of Defiance."

Regardless of their animosity towards the current capitalist system, they themselves seem to be profiting from it quite nicely. In October of '93, they signed with Epitaph records, the indie label that also boasts Rancid, NOFX and the Offspring, among others. It was through their friends from Rancid, in fact, they met current punk guru/producer and Epitaph CEO Brett Gurewitz. "Pledge of Defiance" was released April 1st of this year, and they have been going pretty steadily ever since. Don't expect to hear the watered-down radio version of punk from Total Chaos, however. They are true to their roots, and show no signs of deviating from this.

As for their political views, perhaps they are right. Maybe they do influence more by "educating" through their music than they would through a single vote. (Joe did assure me that the ideal form of government, anarchy, would take hundreds of years and a process much like evolution to take effect. I take comfort in that.) I would like to point out, however that it only took a single election (and a Democratic President) for the Republicans to take control of both houses of Congress.

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NOSE-RINGS AND FACIAL HAIR: AN INVESTIGATION OF WHAT THE HONOR CODE REALLY SAYS.

BY ANDREW HUNSAKER

You hear a knock at the door, and open it to greet your landlord. She informs you that your pet rock, "Lumpy", violates the rule restricting pets in the apartments, and that you are required to pay a \$20 fee, or forfeit the "pet." When you protest, she replies, "If you don't like it, you can leave." Desperate, you mention that in the contract you signed, there was no mention of this stipulation. "We decided that this was understood, and didn't need to be printed," she rebuts. You give in, but decide to research the validity of the rule. If this scenario sounds ridiculous, it may interest you to know that this is the reasoning you may encounter with BYU Dress and Grooming Standards.

This was made clear to me recently after some experiences of my friend, Polly. She had her nose pierced in India, as is the native custom for women in that country. Though you may think this is odd, to Polly it signified her appreciation of Indian culture. Neither of us thought much about it, because we knew of no rule prohibiting this at BYU. However, upon her return to campus this fall, Polly received some interesting reactions to her new pierce, including being told she was violating the Honor Code. Once, Polly was denied the privilege of taking a French test in the Testing Center. Polly had a copy of the Honor code with her and showed it to the worker. When the worker saw there was no rule banning nose-rings, she had to give Polly the test.

After this experience, Polly decided to find out if there was actually a problem with having a nose-ring at BYU. She was referred to the Office of Student Life, where she made an appointment with a counselor. During her meeting, the counselor explained that in the dress and grooming standards, nose-rings are considered an extreme style. When Polly argued that she had not signed an Honor Code that included this mystery rule, the counselor became silent until the subject changed.

Polly's argument is valid. The only extreme styles referred to in the standards are hairstyles and modest clothing, and no mention is made of nose-rings. The Standards state, "Clothing should be modest in fabric, fit, and style, and appropriate for the occasion. Skirts and shorts should be knee-length or lower..." The general appearance of men and women is to be "modest, neat, and clean." How are students expected to somehow draw from this even the slightest policy regarding nose-rings? My point is that we cannot. To read the thoughts of another is impossible—at least for me.

There is a neat set of principles called the Rule of Law. The Rule of Law is what makes self-government possible. The premise for the Rule of Law is that a person may choose to break a law, but must be willing to accept the consequences (much like the idea of free agency). In order for the Rule of Law to function, five principles must be in effect. These principles are: Generality, Prospective, Publicity, Consent, and Due Process. The principle of Publicity is most important in this situation. It states that laws must be known and certain. Frank Fox and Clayne Pope explain in their book, *America: A Study in Heritage*, that "Tyranny works best in silence." The University, by not letting the students know the rules for which they are held accountable, is in effect creating a tyranny.

In Polly's case, she was given special exception to the nose-ring rule, because her pierce symbolized Indian culture. It is wonderful that religious and cultural symbols are often allowed on campus, but this sets up a double standard within the student body. Who is to say how valuable one person's sense of identity is as opposed to another?

As you may have noticed already, contradictions abound in the Dress and Grooming Standards. For example, in every copy of the Dress and Grooming Standards



it states that modesty and cleanliness are important values through which students "represent the principles and standards of the Church." By including this statement in the Dress and Grooming Standards, it may be assumed that these BYU standards are the views of the church. Furthermore, "On Your Honor," a pamphlet on the Honor Code, directly states, "These standards of appearance are intended to preserve an atmosphere which reflects the ideals of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints." On the contrary, though modest clothing is an LDS value, many of the other guidelines are not. They merely reflect a certain "image" desired of BYU students.

Call me crazy, but I know of no gospel principle that conflicts with having a beard or a nose-ring, or with men having long or "extreme" hair. We all know of many good members of the church who "violate" these rules. For example, a member of the bishopric in my singles' ward at home has hair past his shoulders. Polly, though she has a nose-ring, still holds a temple recommend. Are these the positions of unworthy members? The mirror the Honor code uses to reflect the church ideals is hopelessly warped.

A friend of mine, Rachel, made a good point when she said, "You can hold a temple recommend and you can be worthy to go into the Lord's house, but can't be worthy to attend 'The Lord's University'?" This bothered her, and I, too, am very bothered by it. Yes, we selfish whiners can leave BYU if we're unhappy. However, because of the dress and grooming standards, students who remain may form the opinion that in order to be in good church standing, one must dress and act "conservatively." I am not

saying that BYU does not have a right to set up a dress and grooming code. They do, because they are a private university. I simply want these standards to be shown as separate from the doctrine of the Mormon religion. Is that too much to ask?

Regarding the beard rule, I think it is necessary to look at its lovely history to better understand its premise. In their book *Brigham Young University: A House Of Faith*, Gary Bergera and Ronald Pridis document that until the early 1970's, BYU went without an explicit dress and grooming code. In 1964, BYU's president Ernest Wilkinson became concerned with bearded students who tended to gather in the library to discuss philosophy and politics. In his 1965 address, he told the students that there was no place at BYU for the "...grimy, sandaled, tight-fitted, ragged-Levi beatnik." He also wanted no "surfers" at BYU. This is unfairly judgmental.

President Wilkinson tried to obtain a statement from the First Presidency regarding beards and hair length, but received no such endorsement. On the contrary, the Church's priesthood bulletin in September 1970 carried an official church statement that dress and grooming matters should be left for the individual to decide. Despite this, President Wilkinson still created the Dress and Grooming Standards. In another address, he warned the students that they could be suspended with no prior notice for a "combination of violations," including having long hair or beards. He added:

"May I also say that we have found through some careful checking we have been doing that those who violate dress standards are often those who are traffic violators; that very often they are those who are short on church attendance; often they are those who have poor academic records..."

I am disgusted that the standards set up by this type of attitude are still in effect. Where would the Church be if we were judged according to the many stereotypes placed on us as Mormons? I think it's time that these ideas are placed aside and we, as a student body, are acknowledged as mature enough to not judge by appearances.

I decided to get to the bottom of the whole problem, and made an appointment with Student Life. In an informal meeting, I learned that the constitution of "extreme styles" is decided by the Board of Trustees. This means these opinions are not made known to students when they agree to live the Code. The reason for such ambiguity is the Honor Code's change in 1991 from a specific rule system to an appeal to individual honor. Yet enforcement of the Honor Code is still in effect. It is useless to pretend that these aren't rules. The Dress and Grooming standards cannot survive unless they are moved from this limbo into either the realm of personal choice or enforced dictation. Otherwise, the document simply works against itself.

What is important here is action—not by only a few students, but by many. If we truly want a change, we can't merely complain. The Honor Code has a history of change, but this change didn't happen without effort. To share your ideas for revision of the Dress and Grooming Standards, you can write to or talk with the Student Life Office, or you can attend the meetings of the Student Advisory Council. The Council meets every Tuesday and Thursday at 4:00 PM in 347 WILK. These are open meetings, where you can have issues raised for discussion. Ideas from these meetings are passed on to the Honor Code Advisory Council. I found Student Life very helpful and willing to consider student solutions. If we offer these solutions in a spirit of cooperation, we can help to revise the Honor Code, which is in dire need of change.

THE CLOTHESLINE PROJECT

BY HEIDI KUNZ, PROGRAM DIRECTOR FOR BYU CLOTHESLINE

Clothesline schmoepline. What is it and where did it come from? And why did it interfere with the beloved activities of homecoming week (homecoming schmomecoming)? For those who didn't notice the brightly colored and decorated t-shirts flapping in the wind in the checkerboard quad all week, or those who thought that the shirts were yet another homecoming school spirit activity aimed at the alumni swarming on campus (the shirts are still not for sale), listen up.

The Clothesline Project is a visual display that bears witness to the violence against women. During the public display a clothesline is hung with shirts. Each shirt is decorated to represent a particular woman's experience, by the survivor herself or by someone who cares about her. It started in the fall of 1990 in Hyannis, Massachusetts, with thirty-one shirts. Since then communities across the country have started their own lines, and there is now a national network of Clothesline Projects. BYU hung its first line last April and ended with eighteen shirts. This year the project, co-sponsored by VOICE and BYUSA, ended with forty-eight shirts.

There are several purposes of Clothesline. The public display is an exhibition of support and respect for the women who have made shirts. For many of the women, making a shirt was the first time they had broken their silence. The process of creating a shirt can also be a step toward healing for survivors or people who have lost a loved one. Many women who viewed the line wished to create shirts of their own, and took undecorated shirts available at the booth home with them. By the end of the week the number of shirts had more than doubled.

The line is also a vehicle for awareness and education. A prevailing reaction from passersby who stopped to view the BYU line was astonishment. Ninety percent of the shirts were made by BYU students or faculty (the rest were created by women in the community). The line elicits awareness of the fact that violence against women is just as prevalent and concrete in our own Happy Valley as anywhere else.

Fortunately, the other predominant reactions from the people who viewed the shirts was positive. Many students expressed thanks for the poignant and powerful message the line conveyed, and voiced admiration and compassion for the survivors. It was the small percentage of negative reactions from students and alumni (alumni schlummi) that left a bitter aftertaste in the saga of BYU's Clothesline.

Several of the shirts were taken down in the middle of the week by Student Life officials who panicked at the complaints of a couple of students who had viewed the line and found certain shirts offensive. After meeting with the appropriate authorities and compromising the integrity of the line, it was agreed that the "offensive" shirts could stay on the line, as long as the "offensive" material was covered up. On Friday, panic once again overruled principle, and several more shirts were censored without prior consent or acquiescence. With only two hours left of the project, the dean declared the line a "demonstration," and told Student Life officials to take down the censored shirts or dismantle the line. (A demonstration, by the way, is completely permissible on campus as long as it is approved by the dean prior to the event.)

Apparently the anxiety that spread through the Student Life offices was caused by the considerable amount of phone calls made by alumni visiting their old "stomping grounds" and finding all was not well in Happyville. This does not excuse the fact that every single woman whose shirt had been censored witnessed either the censorship itself or the line bearing the censored shirt. Was catering to the comfort zone of a handful of alumni worth the distress and frustration and anger these women felt when they saw their pain and their lives censored?

The graphic or "offensive" material displayed on some of the shirts was not meant to shock or offend. It is real emotion felt by real women. In the future it is hoped that the censorship problems can be worked out with BYU standards (BYUSA agrees that the project is an invaluable medium for education and service-oriented goals on their agenda) and that the next time the line is hung the focus of the line will remain on the original goals of the project, and not shift to controversy or antagonism caused by censorship.

Clothesline is a project that needs to remain on campus. It is not a political statement; it is not overrun by angry women with feminist agendas. It is a beautiful and powerful tribute to the courage of the survivors of violence, and a moving way to educate, document, and raise society's awareness of the extent of the problem of violence against women. It is BYU's chance to respond to the wakeup call these survivors have created with their pain. Let's hope they listen up.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN YOU'RE BREAKING THE CODE

BY JAMES GLANCY WITH HELP FROM LYNETTE AND SUZANNE

A self-examination on this page



You might be breaking the Honor Code if...
Your book bag hangs down lower than your shorts.
You know your test score before you take the test.
You find your single roommate attractive.
You could write an essay on the five steps to a NCMO.
At the end of the semester your bishop thinks you're a visitor.
There's someone else in your bed when you wake up.
You take two doses of NyQuil because one just doesn't cut it.
You know every answer on your neighbor's test.
When someone uses the word "petting," you don't think of animals.
Your eyes are bloodshot and you didn't pull an all-nighter.
You scratch your girlfriend's face when you kiss her.
"Sleepover" is your idea of a cheap date.
You just bought a new wardrobe with your Stafford Loan.
Your roommate wakes up your date while getting ready for class.
You like Russian-style orange juice.
You think Maeser hill is a good place to "open up" to a woman.
Your favorite outfit includes a KKK hat.
Your idea of an all-nighter has nothing to do with books.
Men pretend they're playing nickel slots as they toss coins at your bosom.
You think "no" means "yes."
Monosyllabic four-letter words make up a large part of your vocabulary.
2 Nephi 9:34 applies to you.
The person sitting behind you can play dot-to-dot with the freckles on your shoulders.
You're walking to class and you get a splinter in your foot.
You gasp for air every time you sit down in the clothes you're wearing.
You know your date in the biblical sense.
You put an old BYU parking ticket on your windshield when parking in an "A" lot.
You constantly pinch the butts of your co-workers.
You believe that the gift of tongues makes you a better kisser.
Your girlfriend can't find your ears without pinning your hair back into a barrette.

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WFO Rider Boots 210
Freestyle Bindings 150
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CALENDAR

If you would like to list some event or otherwise important goings on please contact Julee at 377-6676, or the Student Review Office at 377-2980. Please let me know the weekend before the event.

THE ARTS & WHATNOT:

Steel Magnolias, thru 11/19 at Hale Center Theater, 2801 S Main, call 484-9257 for info.

The Curious Savage, thru 11/19 at the Hale Center Theater, 225 W 400 N, Orem, call 226-8600 for tickets and showtimes.

Hansel and Gretel, thru 11/19 at City Rep., 638 S State St, call 532-6000 for more info.

Prodigals, 11/9-26 at 7:30 pm in the Margetts Arena Theatre.

Macbeth, 11/16-12/3 at Pardoe Theatre, call 378-6645 for tickets.

Pinocchio, thru 12/16 at City Rep Family Theatre, 638 S. State, call 532-6000.

The Plight for Christmas, thru 12/17 at Pages Lane Theatre, 292 E Pages Lane, call 298-1302 for info.

International Cinema, showing 11/15-19, showing La Boheme (Italian) and Jacob the Liar (German), SWKT on the BYU Campus.

Classic Cinema, 11/15-19 showing Rashomon at the Varsity Theatre, 378-6645.

Tower Theatre, showing Oleanna, in SLC at 876 E 900 S, call 297-4041 for showtimes.

CONCERTS & LIVE SHOWS:

I-Roots, 11/17 at Safari Night Club, 165 S West Temple, 267-2666.

Irie Heights, 11/18-19 at the Safari Night Club.

Playing at Mama's Cafe, shows starting around 9 pm: **Jesse Thurgood** on 11/17, **Michael Waterman w/ Nancy Hanson** on 11/18, **Jared Harris** on 11/19. **Toughskins** on 11/22. (or call the Mama's hotline at 371-8452)

Ali Ali Oxen Free, playing 11/18-19 at 9:30 pm, Pier 54, 117 N Univ Ave., w/ cover charge.

Shawn Colvin, 11/19 at 7:30 pm, Capitol Theatre, tickets at Smith's Tix.

The Cranberries w/ MC 900 Foot Jesus, 11/23 at 7:30 pm, out at SaltAir, tickets at Smith's Tix.

7 Seconds, Bouncing Souls, The Smears, Black Train Jack, 11/23 at DV8, tickets at Raunch, Heavy Metal Shop, Sonic Garden and Crandall.

DreamTheatre w/ Fates Warning, 11/25 at 7:30 pm, at SaltAir, tickets at Smith's Tix.

The Jesus and Mary Chain w/ Mazzy Star and Velvet Crush, 11/26 at 7:30 pm, at SaltAir, tickets at Smith's Tix.

Pam Tillis, 11/30 at Capitol Theatre, tickets available at Smith's Tix outlets.

The Rev. Horton Heat, 12/4 at DV8, 115 S West Temple in SLC, 539-8400.

ONGOING:

The Cartoon Factory, Utah's only animation art gallery, currently showing Disney art limited edition cels, at 1400 S

Foothill Dr in Foothill Village, 583-3700.

The Artist & the Baseball at the George Brimhall Gallery of the Brimhall Bldg, admission is free, 378-2064.

Our Tuneful Heritage, musical instruments from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, showing thru 11/15 in the Barlow Gallery.

KHQN Radio & Krishna Temple, hold a 10-course vegetarian feast every Sunday at 6 pm, program includes mantra meditation, films and a talk on Bhagavad gita, temple is located at 8628 S Main St in Spanish Fork, or call 798-3559 for directions or info.

BYU Museum of Art, presents 150 yrs. of American Painting and CCA Christensen's Mormon Panorama.

Hansen Planetarium, at 15 S State in SLC, shows include Laser-Fusion, Laser-U2 and Laser-Grunge, call 538-2098.

AIDS Testing, low cost, anonymous or confidential at Salt Lake City/County Health Dept, 610 S 200 E, daytime clinic at 534-4666, evening clinic (Thur only) at 534-4572.

Earth Science Museum, showcases a Jurassic fossil collection, open 9-5 weekdays, for more info. call 378-3680.

Avalon Theatre at 3605 S State in Murray, shows old movies & classics, for current schedule call 266-0258.

BYU Planetarium, call 378-4361 for scheduling, 378-5396 for a recording of shows.

Flea Market at the Utah State Fairpark every Sat. and Sun.

Bountiful LDS Temple, open to the public for tours thru 12/17 (except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day), call 299-4222 for info.

EVENTS:

BYU Women's Volleyball, 11/17 vs. UTEP, 11/18 vs. New Mexico, 7:30 pm in the Smith Fieldhouse.

Turkey Trot 5K Road Race, 11/17, register day of race beginning at 3:15 pm, race at 4, RB Quad, more info. at 112 RB.

Dance Ensemble, 11/17-18 at 7:30 pm in the Dance Studio Theater (166 RB), tickets at 378-5859.

Utah Symphony, 11/18-19 in Abravanel Hall, call 533-NOTE for tickets.

Jupiter, an Astronomical Society Lecture, 11/18 at 7:30 and 8:30 pm, Summerhays Planetarium (492 ESC)

Cleveland Chamber Orchestra, 11/19 at 7:30 pm in the de Jong Concert Hall, tickets at 378-4322.

Dixieland & Jazz Ensemble, 11/19 at 7:30 pm in the Madsen Recital Hall, free admission.

Fusion: A Night of Music & Fashion, 11/19 at 8 pm, fashions from JMR, Wilsons Suede & Leather and ZCMI, Agnes Poetry and Slack Jaw will also perform, tickets \$4 in advance, \$5 at door, at the Edge in Provo, buy tickets at Sonic or Grey Whale, call 378-3944 for more info.

Media Music Showcase, 11/22 at 7:30 pm in the Madsen Recital Hall, admission is free.

BYU Symphony Orchestra, 11/22 at 7:30 pm in the de Jong Concert Hall, call 378-4322 for tickets.

Project Uplift thru 11/23, pick up a box in ELWC step-down lounge and create a 1 lb. package for LDS servicemen & women serving away from home during the holidays.

HANDY PHONE #'S:
Air Quality Hotline 373-9560.

Alcoholics Anonymous 375-8620.

ACLU 521-9289.

Boy Scouts of America 373-4185 or 800-748-4256.

Career Guidance Center 377-7476.

Concert Hotline 536-1234.

Job Service 373-7500.

Peace Corps 800-525-4621.

Poison Control Center 800-456-7707.

Rex Lee's Office 378-2521.

Sonic Garden concerts & releases 37-SONIC.

Time & Temp. 373-9120.

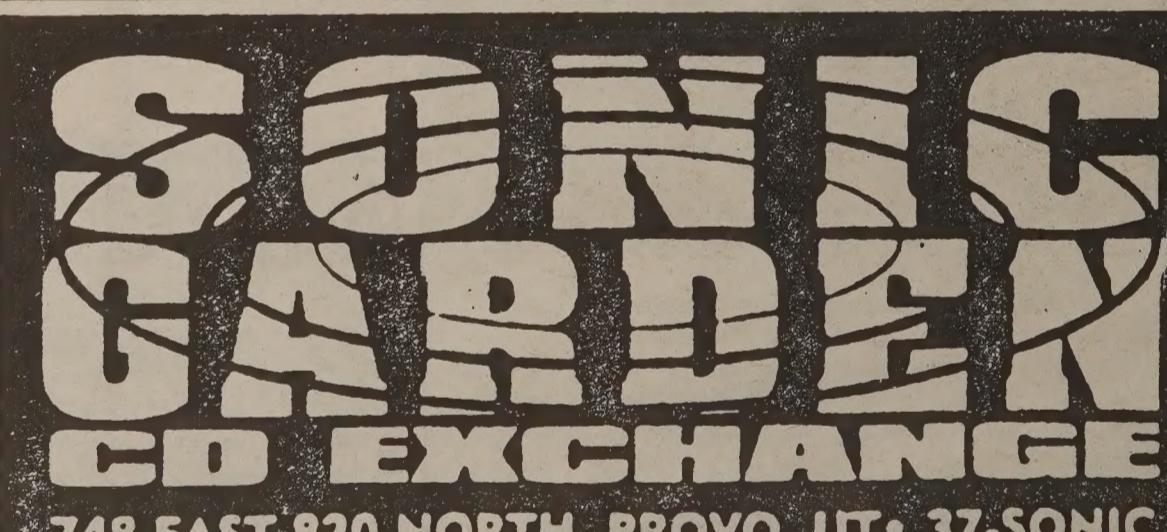
UTA 375-4636.

UVSC Info. 222-8000.

White House 202-456-1414.

Youth Service Center 373-2215.

EDITOR'S PICK: Check out the a new club for reggae enthusiasts called **Safari Night Club** in SLC. If you're not into traveling long distances catch the music and fashion show. Clothes and music, could you ask for anything more??



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